Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

THE MOUNTAIN.

Behind the mountain the sun droops down,
Yet a band of his golden, misty light,
Like the mountain's grand, aerial crown,
He casts athwart of the purple height,
Where the great pine forests are rich and deep
And the rocks are blue on the scarry steep.

O mountain, sweet is the slow farewell
Of the summer day with its trailing beam!
From the huge old trees where the fairies dwell
To loner vantage recedes the gleam;
While the dark blue shadow, serene and cold,
Ascends thy breast with its mantling fold.

By her green, dim curtains of dusk and dew,
Away from the warm and festive light,
Earth bears thee back in the solemn blue
To the realm of her old primeval night;
She bears thee, O mountain, her pensive child,
Through lonesome aeons her undefiled!

And the tones of thy rivers are praying God,
They murmur their chants of the deep old time;
And sweet are the ferns of thy mossy sod
As when they sprang to the heat sublime,
And thy brow is trod by the rising stars
As when it gleamed from the glacial bars.

The golden light from thy outmost pines
Is gathered home to immensity,
And thy calm, unwearied, eternal lines
Are darkly drawn on the rose-flushed sky,
While forever past, and forever more,
With one deep longing thou dost adore!
—Irene Putnam, in Youth's Companion.

The Cloverburg Comedy.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous bluegrass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage.

Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a country magistrate, was about 60 years of age, of rotund figure and strong constitution.

He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of choler, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself nor listen to the reasoning of others.

He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood.

The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of uncertain age, spare figure and vinegary temper.

The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his spinster sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother.

The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and taken altogether the Longacre household machine moved smoothly.

The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

The colonel was a widower of long standing, his excellent spouse having departed this life several years ago, leaving to him, as a legacy, a boy, now grown into manhood, who was named Anson, junior, after his father, and who was a model of industry and sobriety.

The colonel's household goddess was a buxom widow, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who was related to the head of the household by marriage, being the only sister of his late consort.

The colonel was 55 or thereabouts, was tall, angular and bony, and disposed to be unrelenting and unyielding in disposition.

The colonel and the squire had lived neighbors for 30 years, and up to about six months previous to the occurrence I am about to describe, were warm friends.

They fell out over a trifling matter. The colonel owned a fine flock of merino sheep, of which he was very proud. The squire was the possessor of a large mastiff dog, of whose intelligence and good qualities he was always boasting.

One night an animal, supposed to be a sheep-killing dog, broke into the colonel's fold, killed a valuable buck and mangled several ewes.

When the doughty military chieftain discovered his loss he was furious, and stormed in true soldierly style.

"What dog could have done it?" inquired the son, who had been attracted to the spot by his father's storm of words.

"Why, that cur of Squire Longacre's," bawled his father. "He shall pay me heavy damages, or I'll have the law on him."

"I don't think—" began the son.

"Well, don't think, then!" bellowed his father. "I'll do the thinking."

"But—"

"Shut up!" roared the colonel, frothing at the mouth.

And young Anson was silent.

The colonel hurried back to the house for his cane, and in a few minutes was striding across the field in the direction of Squire Longacre's mansion.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked buxom Mrs. Sloan, as young Anson entered the kitchen, where she was at work, shortly after the departure of his sire.

"He's got one of his mad spells on," was the answer.

"That's plain to be seen," sniffed the widow. "But what, in goodness' name, has brought it on?"

"A dog broke into the fold last night, killed a fine buck, and crippled several ewes."

"For pity's sake! Well, I never! That's enough to make a man mad! Whose dog was it?"

"He thinks it was Squire Longacre's."

"Not Bruno?"

"I believe he has only one dog."

"Well, I for one, don't think Bruno will kill sheep. I know he will not, and the squire is too neighborly and too wise a man to quarrel with, just on a suspicion like that."

"They'll quarrel, though," said young Anson. "Father has gone over there, mad, and the first word he utters will start the squire."

"It's a great pity," commented Mrs. Sloan.

"That's what I say," assented Anson.

And he walked through the kitchen and sought his own room.

He seated himself at a desk which stood in one corner, and drew toward his pen and paper. After a few minutes' hesitation, he dashed off a few lines, read what he had written carefully, and placed the sheet in an envelope.

After directing it, he affixed a stamp, and putting the letter in an inner pocket, left the house by a rear door, and walked across the field toward the village.

He dropped the letter in the box at the post office, and returned directly home. When he reached there, he met his father.

"Anson," said the colonel sharply, "that scoundrel, Longacre, refuses to pay for the sheep his dog killed, and I'm going to bring suit against him."

"Yes, sir."

"I've noticed lately that you've been paying that girl of his a good deal of attention. I want that stopped."

"Yes, sir."

"If I hear of you being together again, I'll disinherit you. She's as bad as her father, and he's no better than a thief. His sister, Miss Dorothea, is a very clever woman, and the only really decent person about the house."

Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who usually spoke of Miss Dorothea Longacre as that "hatchet-faced old maid," told young Anson that night that she for one did not believe in these neighborly quarrels, and she meant to tell Squire Longacre that she had no hand in the matter, and did not believe his dog killed sheep, the first time she saw him.

At about the same time Squire Longacre was standing on the porch of his house, angrily confronting his daughter, Nellie, who had just returned from the village.

"Nell," he said, "that old rascal, Shortrood, has been here, and I expect we'll have a lawsuit. He says my dog, Bruno, killed his sheep last night, and I told him flatly that if he said my dog killed his sheep, he was a liar!"

"Oh, papa!" protested Nellie.

"Well, he's an unreasonable old wretch, and I'll give him all the law he wants. His son's no better. And hark ye, girl, if I ever catch you and that young puppy together again I'll break my cane over his back and put you in a—a madhouse! Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, heed, then!" cried the squire, warningly; and walked in to supper.

Nellie retired to her room, took a letter from her bosom, and read the contents eagerly.

"Dear fellow!" she said, and kissed the sheet which had been penned only a few hours before by young Anson.

Then she went down to supper.

But little was said during the meal. The squire was cross and sulky, and Miss Dorothea was evidently in one of her worst moods.

After the evening meal she put on her bonnet and threw a light shawl over her bony shoulders.

"Where are you going, Dor?" asked her brother.

"None of your business!" was the sharp answer.

"You needn't be so snappish about it!"

"Snappish!" cried the ancient maid, and she tossed her head. "I should say snappish! A man as unreasonable as you are, talk about people being snappish! Quarreled with one of the nicest men in the county."

"He's a scoundrel!" snarled the squire.

"He's a Christian gentleman!" contradicted Miss Dorothea, "and you ought to go down on your knees to him and ask his pardon."

"I'll see myself! If there's any going down on the knees, let him go down to me. He insulted me in my own house."

"I suppose you'd go down on 'em fast enough if that maneuvering old widow would ask you!"

"She's a lady," cried the squire.

"You'd better go tell her so. It'll be news to her, I reckon."

"Perhaps I shall."

"Well, you'd better. A lady! Well, heaven save the mark."

And, with this spiteful reflection, Miss Dorothea flounced out of the room.

She directed her steps toward a grove of maple trees, which marked the boundary line between the farms of the two belligerents.

By a curious coincidence, Col. Shortrood strolled in the same direction about the same time.

The angular soldier and the thin lady met. They spoke, and finally walked toward an unfrequented part of the grove, arm in arm.

Shortly after Miss Dorothea left the house the squire stole outthe back way and walked rapidly across a wheat field toward a certain big willow tree which stood on the edge of a pond.

By a singular coincidence, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, in the course of her serpentine ramble, reached this same pond.

Seated on a fallen log, she and the representative of county judicial honors were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

While these little scenes were being enacted, pretty Nellie Longacre, in the seclusion of her chamber, wrote the following note, which young Anson Shortrood got out of the post office the next morning:

Dearest An—You know best. We will all attend the Lexington fair, and I'll be ready then. As papa has forbidden me to see you, we must manage our correspondence and interviews very secretly. Will be at the old place promptly Sunday night. Your loving little Nellie.

The Kentucky State Fair that year came off at Lexington in October. The colonel, young Anson and the Widow Sloan were there; the squire, his maiden sister and pretty Nellie also attended.

On the evening of the second day of the fair, at three separate places in the blue-grass city, there were three separate couples, under cover of the night, drove out of the city by three separate roads, which all, however, headed toward the Ohio river.

Everybody has heard of Aberdeen, O., which is of a verity, the American "Gretna Green," and most everybody has heard of Squire Massie Beasley, the presiding genius of the little village.

Late on the morning of the night I speak of, a man and woman were ferried across the river from Maysville, and proceeded directly to the squire's house.

A few lusty raps on the door roused his sable assistant, who rejoices in the name of Vulcan—probably because he has assisted in welding so many pairs of hearts together, and he opened the door and admitted them.

There was no light, and he ushered them into a big room which opened directly off the hall.

He was just going for a light when another knock summoned him to the door, and he admitted another couple.

Again he started for the light, and a third knock sounded. He admitted a third couple, and leaving them all in the big room, he hastened upstairs to arouse the squire.

"Busniz ez boomin,' boss," he said, when the Great American Matrimonializer jumped out of bed. "Free pa'r uv 'em, sah!"

"Three!" repeated the magistrate, making a hasty toilet. "Take that lamp down. I'll be there directly."

Vulcan obeyed the order, and when he opened the door of the big room, and the rays of the lamp he carried flooded the apartment, the six people therein contained, gave utterance to six quick cries of astonishment.

It was the denouement of the Cloverburg comedy!

Standing in one corner of the room was Colonel Shortrood, on whose arm hung Miss Dorothea Longacre. Facing the military chieftain was Esquire Isreal Longacre, whose arm was twined about the waist of buxom Abigail Sloan. In the middle of the apartment stood young Anson Shortrood, holding to his breast pretty Nellie Longacre.

After the first cries of astonishment there was a moment's silence, then a tremendous roar of laughter; and then followed such handshaking and kissing, and cries of mutual forgiveness and pledges of eternal love and friendship as probably were never heard or seen before.

Squire Massie Beasley married the three couples, and they went back to Cloverburg together. The lawsuit was dropped, and all parties thereafter lived together in peace and amity.—Saturday Night.

Beaten by the Combination.

"They can get up combinations in the west to beat the band," said a Philadelphia drummer who had come in off a trip and had a shortage to explain.

"In a town in western Iowa I had a difference of opinion with a landlord and called him a liar. He was a deputy sheriff and he arrested me. His brother was prosecuting attorney and he was against me. The judge was his brother-in-law and he tried the case.

"I said I'd take ten days in jail sooner than pay the fine, but when I came to be locked up the jailer said to me: 'You'd better pay. I'm the father-in-law of the judge and it will be my duty to put you in a cell with a prisoner who's gone crazy and wants to kill somebody.'

"I paid and was released," said the drummer, "but I wanted revenge. I went to the only lawyer in town with a reputation and stated my case and asked him to take it.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'but think how it would look. I'm son-in-law to the jailer.'"—Boston Globe.

Tipped Everybody But the Queen

Although Lord Roberts is the first great personage in England to decline to pay the fees exacted of him in connection with his honors, he is by no means the only one who has protested against them. Indeed, the late archbishop of York made a humorous complaint thereof to Queen Victoria when he received an audience to pay homage on his elevation to the primacy; for as he rose from his knees, he exclaimed:

"Ma'am, you're the only official personage I have seen since my nomination who has not asked me for a fee."

In his case these fees amounted to nearly $10,000 and comprised, among other extraordinary items, $200 for gloves to the members of the chapter of the minister of York, $30 for the sovereign's gentleman of the cellar, $20 to the sovereign's chief cook and $10 to the sovereign's barber.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Magical Word.

It was during the late Spanish-American war. A wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services to his country, was pacing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and quickly bringing his gun into position, commanded, in a sonorous voice:

"Give the countersign!"

The person challenged proved to be an enlisted dry goods clerk formerly employed by the merchant before the war broke out. As their eyes met a smile played around the corners of the clerk's mouth and he answered in a low whisper:

"Cash!"

Then the merchant, bringing his piece to a right shoulder, let him pass and resumed his pacing.—Lippincott's.

ALL RETURN HOME TO JAIL.

Convicts in Hawaii Do Not Make Any Effort to Escape from Durance.

"The most unique method for handling petty violators of the law," remarked a gentleman in Washington to a Post representative, "is in daily operation at Hilo, the capital of the island of Hawaii. I was seated on the porch of the Hilo hotel one day last winter trying to evade the mosquitoes and the sunshine, when I noticed a score of natives in striped canvas uniforms break into a dead run in the direction of the jail. The heavy iron doors swung open to admit them and they filed in one by one to become prisoners for the night. I learned later that these men were 'short-term' convicts, and that their hurry was inspired by fear that they might be 'locked out of jail.'

"But how did they escape?" he was asked.

"Escape?" repeated the narrator. "They did not escape, they were turned loose at seven in the morning and instructed to report behind the bars at five in the afternoon. Let me explain: An alleged criminal is tried, convicted and sentence passed upon him. Should his term exceed one year he is confined in a cell on the third floor of the jail, from which escape is practically impossible. If he is a 'short-term' man, however, he is fitted up with a blue and white striped canvas suit and hired out by the day to contractors or the managers of neighboring plantations. His wages, usually 25 cents per day, are paid to the city. These fortunate convicts are both fed and lodged in jail, and in addition to their clothes are allowed a small ration of tobacco. Every morning after breakfast they may be seen embarking on their duties. They are not guarded in any manner, shape or form—in fact, it resolves itself into an extreme case of honor among thieves."

"It isn't once in a year that escape is even attempted, and the records in the county jail show but one instance where such an attempt has been successful. It is amusing to see these belated culprits running at the top of their speed for fear the doors of this novel institution will be closed against them. Those that may arrive later are admitted through another entrance and an additional three or four days are added to their term as punishment for their tardiness."

"How do you account for this peculiar system being still in vogue?" was asked

"It exists merely because of its efficiency. Hilo is a coast town; the Pacific ocean guards it safely on the east, while to the westward there is nothing but the high road and the jungle. The jungle and the sea mean death and the high road capture; so you see there is a stronger force than honor which impels the return of the convict to his prison home."

MODEL PHILIPPINE ROADS.

Forty-Mile Stretch Lately Completed by American Enterprise in Batangas Province.

The solution of roadmaking problems that is going on in the province of Batangas, on the island of Luzon, under the direction of Gen. J. Franklin Bell, has been thorough and rapid during the last season. Under Spanish rule the roads were entirely neglected, and during a large part of the year following the rainy season the thoroughfares were wholly impassable. The laboring people during this period were thrown out of work, and the whole province suffered severe loss in nearly every industry, says a Washington report.

Gen. Bell set to work early last season to remedy the situation, and has now completed more than 40 miles of macadamized road in one straight stretch, giving the region a thoroughfare over which communication with the outside world may be maintained the year through. This road runs from Calambas, in Laguna province, to Batangas, in Batangas province. There is a gap of ten miles, which will be built before the year is out, giving 50 miles of good roads such as the Philippines never saw before outside of Manila.

Gen. Bell has decided to use a novel means of transportation over his new road. That is, to run regular trains of wagons hauled by traction engines. Passengers and freight are to be taken at a nominal rate, and the trains will be run on schedule time. Two or three side lines will be built in the course of next year. The engines and cars will have wide tires, and so will improve the road with use. The speed to be made will be about five miles an hour. The road fund derived from the yearly taxes is to be applied to connecting these macadamized roads with the one already built.

Gen. Bell has asked the island government to procure and sell to the natives at cost price carts with wide tires and with wheels revolving on axles. The native cart has narrow tires and the wheels are solid on the axles, the latter revolving with the wheel in two wooden pins in the box of the vehicle. The effect of such carts on a roadbed is to cut and gouge it as if the cart were a plow. Gen. Bell asks that every old cart in the province be displaced by the new ones, which will be offered to the natives at a low price and on long time. Otherwise it is proposed to tax the narrow-tired carts heavily.

Cattle Do Damage in Hawaii.

Great damage has been done in Hawaii by cattle which graze in the mountain forests and destroy the ferns which protect the ground and enable it to retain the moisture. The consequence is an alternation of floods and droughts ruinous to the sugar crops.

A Silly Question.

Miss Bayside—How long should a couple know each other before getting married?

Mrs. Lakeside—What a silly question, child! It depends, of course, on how long they expect to stay married.—N. Y. Weekly.

Worthy of Consideration.

"In heaven's name, why is De Rigeur so attentive to that ordinary woman?"

"Hush, or she might hear you. That's the new cook he is taking home."—Town Topics.

THE BLUSHING HABIT.

It Is Said to Be a Disease of the Nerves—Unhappy Cases Seen by a Doctor.

At Vienna a scientist and doctor who has made an especial study of blushing declares that it is a disease of the nerves. He declares that blushing should be treated like any other nervous disease, and that in many cases it is hereditary, says the Scotsman. One of his patients (a man) told the doctor that the fear of blushing, kept alive by the jocular taunts of his friends, had caused him such depression of spirits that he had several times been on the verge of suicide.

Another patient (a society woman) suffered seriously from nervous prostration in consequence of the teasing of her friends, who made her blush just "for the fun of it." A colleague told the doctor of one of his patients who was driven mad by blushing. Her mental condition was greatly improved by her transfer from a chamber papered in red and furnished in mahogany to a green room with oak furniture. This woman is again in society, but is subject to occasional attacks of blushing that affect her mentally at the sight of red dresses, red ribbons or anything in red. He has discovered that those addicted to blushing suffer less in summer than in the cold months, and that summer is the best time of the year in which to be treated for the annoying disease.

There are critical times, even in the warm months, for the blusher. "When a thunderstorm is in the air and in the damp of the early morn and late at night persons addicted to the habit blush most often and most violently," says the doctor, who distinguishes between two kinds of blushing—blushing caused by extraordinary sensitiveness, extreme bashfulness or modesty, and blushing because of the blusher's apprehension of the act of blushing. A certain young woman, extremely pretty, was driven to forswear society because the unfortunate affliction of blushing extended to her beautiful neck and arms, and thus prevented her from appearing in full dress. This young woman suffers not only outwardly, but she loses all self-control when blushing. Her thoughts are "all mixed up," and she cannot speak connectedly. She underwent treatment for nervousness, but the doctors could not help her.

Another singular case was that of a leading actress, who consulted the doctor. "She had ruined her complexion," said he, "by excessive use of white grease paint applied to cover her blushes, which marred her performance. She blushed whenever anything went wrong behind the scenes or on the stage, and had no control of her emotions. She is a very young woman; I never met with the trouble among actresses of mature years." The doctor says that strong men do not blush except under extraordinary circumstances; that blushing is truly a mark of effeminacy. Blushing men are seldom cured, for they are often sufferers from heart disease.

"I have known blushing fits, so called," said he, "to last for hours, accompanied by irregular pulse and excited heart. To blushing men and women with families I say: 'If you have a boy or girl who blushes under a reproach, or for fear of being found out, do not tell them of it, for if you do you will arouse in them apprehensions. If the child has any steadiness of mind, you will undermine it; if he has no stamina, you will completely unsettle him. There are foolish people who think their children are innocent so long as they can blush. What nonsense!'"

WHAT "IN OFFICE" MEANS.

Sometimes Nothing More Than Menial or Laborer About the Nation's Capitol.

"In office." Those two little words are more significant of broken promises, blighted faith and blasted hopes than any other two in the language. At the same time they convey a pride of possession that is the breath of life to some people, says the Washington Post. A colored maid recently employed by the wife of a southern senator confided to Mrs. Senator that her "steady company" was "in office," and the pride with which she made the announcement indicated her belief that he was in a class not far removed from the senator. Inquiry developed the fact that the maid's "steady" was a laborer in one of the departments. But here is the other picture: An elevator conductor at the capitol was one of the most influential politicians in his section of a western state. He was an important factor in the community in which he lived. He had a good business and money in bank. The desire of his life was to be "in office." He came to Washington with the senator whose election he had championed, expecting to obtain a lucrative position at once. He was disappointed. Too proud to return to his home town without having tasted the fruits of political office, he waited many weary months. Finally his senator got the position of elevator conductor for him. Now, this man whose influence was sought by a senator and who cut an important figure in his own state, is serving at the call of anybody at the capitol capable of pressing a push button. A few days ago he escorted a party of his old friends and neighbors to the principal points of interest about the city. They wanted to see the president, and, putting on a bold front, he took them to the white house and made the effort. Unfortunately, the president was engaged with some members of the cabinet or he might have received the party. As it was, the rebuff added only a trifle to the burden of disappointment already borne by the man "in office."

Loquacious.

The family was discussing the high prices of provisions generally, when the small boy butted into the conversation.

"Jam has gone up, too," he remarked. "Ma keeps it on the top shelf now."

And then it suddenly dawned on his youthful perceptions that he had injured his case by talking too much.—Batavia News.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON AT NEW YORK.
Find Gov. Clinton.

On the first Wednesday of January, 1789, occurred the first presidential election in the United States, and when the electoral votes were counted in the following April George Washington received all of them for president, John Adams being elected vice president. Washington was notified of his election at Mount Vernon on April 14, and departed for New York to be inaugurated. The inauguration occurred on April 30, and Washington took the oath of office on the balcony of the old city hall, the oath being administered by Chancellor Livingston, of New York, in the presence of the members of both houses of congress, Gov. Clinton and other state officials of New York, and a vast concourse of people. Immediately following the ceremony Washington retired to the senate chamber and delivered his inaugural address.

PITH AND POINT.

To some people a small daily income is better than a large fortune.—Chicago Daily News.

The man who is clever in scheming to get invitations in his youth, will find his cleverness valuable in scheming to get out of accepting them in his old age.—Atchison Globe.

First and Last.—Casper—"Among the ancient doctors bleeding the patient was the first operation in treating a case." Charlie—"And now it's the last."—Harvard Lampoon.

Living Versus Rooming. — Stranger — "How many people live in this city?" Citizen—"About 200,000." "So? I had thought you had a population of at least 300,000." "Oh, so we have. But only two-thirds of them live. The rest room and board."—Baltimore American.

Mother—"Have you any waterproof boots for a boy?" Salesman—"We have waterproof boots, ma'am; but they are not for boys." Mother—"Why don't you have some for boys?" Salesman—"When somebody has invented a boot that has no opening for the foot to get into it, we may hope for boys' waterproof boots, not before."—Boston Transcript.

Still Useful.—"Yes, poor old sport, when he had money he had a good time, but he went broke." "Then starved?" "I should say not. He secured a splendid position in a swell boarding house." "What doing?" "Just has to sit around the boarding house parlor posing as the star boarder, meanwhile complaining loudly before prospective boarders about the bad case of gout contracted there."—Baltimore Herald.

DEAF MUTES WIN SUCCESS.

Men Lacking Two of the More Important Faculties Who Have Won Fame and Fortune.

Without speech and hearing it would seem impossible for a man or woman to achieve any positive success in the world. That it is possible for a certain amount of enjoyment to be brought into the life of a person thus afflicted is well known. It is generally understood that such a person can overcome these natural obstacles and live a life of reasonable contentment.

But that men thus handicapped have been able to enter the struggle for renown and riches and win without these all-important powers is not generally realized. The records of various institutions for the deaf and dumb throughout the country reveal the fact many persons so afflicted are forging ahead and becoming prominent in different walks of life, says the Chicago Tribune.

They are finding success in many occupations and professions—even in the law. They have their churches, their fraternities, and their old people's homes, all maintained by their own efforts. The record of the deaf and dumb in this country has been duplicated in Europe.

The arts have appealed naturally to the deaf and dumb as offering opportunities for success, and many of the men who have won renown in spite of their handicaps have devoted themselves either to sculpture or painting.

In enumerating the distinguished artists who are deaf and dumb one would mention the French sculptor, Ferdinand Homar, whose work, the Rochambeau statue, was recently erected in a park opposite the white house in Washington. Felix Martin, sculptor, who has attained a membership in the Legion of Honor; Paul Choppin, the sculptor and gold medalist of the Paris exposition, and Ernest Durageau, professor and member of the Legion of Honor, are others who have made reputations.

American artists have found equal success. H. H. Moore, who has taken up his residence in Paris, is one. Douglas Tilden, the California sculptor, is another. Olof Hanson is another deaf mute who has become prominent in architecture, he being one of the most prominent in his profession in Minneapolis.

Douglas Tilden's career is notable. At an early age he showed such an aptitude for art that his natural disadvantages would not be serious obstacles to his progress. He was sent to Paris to study, and there he worked under the direction of Paul Choppin, himself deaf and dumb. Returning to California, he began his work, and now evidences of his ability are found in all quarters of San Francisco. His first work, "The Ball Player," stands in Golden Gate park. The Native Sons' monument and the Donohue Memorial fountain, recently erected, are by him. For many years he was an instructor in the Hopkins art gallery, and later he became a member of the jury of the Columbian exposition.

Another deaf mute of California has been successful in business. L. C. Williams is the head of one of the largest contracting firms in that state. He started in the business world with an excellent education, despite the fact that all his information had been acquired with no other communication than pencil and paper. He started in the contracting business modestly, but with industry and utility became head of one of the great contracting companies, which now handles work all over California and has just been awarded a large contract in Honolulu.

Another San Francisco deaf mute is a politician, real estate agent, and notary public. Being energetic, he did a thriving business as a real estate man in his native city. Going into politics, he succeeded in landing a position in the city government. When he lost his position through a change of parties he was made a notary public by Gov. Gage, being the only deaf mute man in America to hold such rights.

San Francisco seems to be a favorite field of work for the deaf mute. Anthore remarkable instance of success in spite of defects is afforded by the case of another of the citizens of that city. This man is a lawyer. A lawyer who cannot talk seems an anomaly, but this one has been a success. He talks in the finger alphabet and his eight-year-old son interprets for the court. Recently he won a breach of promise case in which both the litigants were deaf and dumb, defeating a skilled lawyer who had the power of speech and winning the admiration of the court by his method of conducting his case.

NIGHT AT MILITARY POST.

Glimpse of the Life of a Trooper Between the Setting and the Rising of the Sun.

As dusk comes on happy children romp on the lawns "down the line;" along the drives floats silvery and deep-toned laughter accompanied by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ring of spurred heels on stone walks, writes Hamilton Higday in World's Work.

But Trooper Smith tries not to hear such sounds. It is a world not open to him. The Chinese Wall of rank is an impassable barrier between him and the "West Point aristocracy." He is treated by his officers as though contact were contamination, and his American soul fills with bitterness at the tyranny of "army discipline." He therefore bets the drinks with his "bunkies" on the outcome of the Sunday baseball match between rival troop teams, or gossips about a recent row in "Mike's place"—one of the typical, parasitic dens in the nearby town that reaps a monthly harvest of soldiers' squanderings of their $13 pay. He listens to the click of billiard balls in the barracks pool room; he tells the corporal he wishes to h—l he were tramping around down town—

"Attention!"

Trooper Smith springs to his feet and stands rigid at attention with the other enlisted men on the guard-house porch. An officer is passing. Sentry Number One presents his piece and, as the salute is acknowledged by the officer, resumes his march.

At half-past nine as "Tatto" (lights out) is blown, Trooper Smith is marching from the guard-house with a relief party;" and he is sauntering to and fro along a solitary beat himself when "Call to Quarters" and a few minutes later "Taps" are sounded—11 o'clock, and all men not then to be found in quarters or on pass or duty are absent without leave and subject to military punishment.

"Five months and 13 days more," mutters Trooper Smith as he changes his carbine to the other shoulder and looks toward the arc of light where the belated moon is rising, "—and a breakfast!"